

Buck Owens, Louisiana Man

Buck Owens & Don Rich

At first mom and papa called little boy Ned
They raised him on the banks of the river bed
A houseboat tied to a big tall tree
A home for my mama and my papa and me.

The clock strikes three, papa jumps to his feet
Already mama's cookin' papa somethin' to eat
At half past, papa he's ready to go
He hops in his piro, headed down the bayou.

They got fishin' lines strung across the Louisiana River
Gonna catch a big fish for us to eat
They're settin' traps in the swamp catchin' everythin' he can
Gonna make a livin' he's a Louisiana man.
Gonna make a livin' he's a Louisiana man.

Muskart hides a hangin' by the dozen
Even got a lady make a muskart's cousin
Pile of hide dryin' in the hot, hot sun
Tomorrow papa's gonna turn them into mon.

--- Instrumental ---

They call my mama Rita and my daddy Jack
A little baby brother on the floor that's Mac
Rynn and Lynn are the family twins
Big brother Ed's on the bayou fishin'.

On the river floats papa's great big boat
That's how my papa goes into town
Makes every bit of the night and the day
Then ever reach the place where the people stay.

I can hardly wait untill tomorrow comes around
That's the day my papa takes his fures to town
Papa promised me that I could go
Even gonna see a cowboy show.

I see the cowboys and Indians for the first time then
Told my pappy, gotta go again
Papa said, son we got the lines to run
We'll come back again that there's work to be done.

And they got fishin' lines strung across the Louisiana River
Gonna catch a big fish for us to eat
They're settin' traps in the swamp catchin' everythin' he can
Gonna make a livin' he's a Louisiana man.
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